# REPORT

OF THE

# DINNER GIVEN TO CHARLES DICKENS,

## In Boston,

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REPORTED BY

THOMAS GILL AND WILLIAM ENGLISH,

REPORTERS OF THE MORNING POST

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MOST OF THE SPEECHES REVISED BY THEIR AUTHORS.

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# REPORT.

A NUMBER of the Young Men of Boston, wishing to do honor to Mr. DICKENS, the following letter of invitation was sent, by a Committee appointed for that purpose, by the steamer which left Boston, December 1st, 1841.

TO CHARLES DICKENS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR:

The Young Men of Boston, in common with the whole American people, hail with delight the news of your intended visit to the New World. They send you a cordial greeting across the sea, and before you leave England, they hasten, in imagination, but with heartfelt earnestness, to take you by the hand, and to welcome you to America. You will come into a strange land, but not among strangers; for you have long been a welcome guest at our firesides, and there is not a home in our country which has not been made happier by your presence. We do not address you as a son of our father-land, for "genius has no country;" we claim your literary reputation as the property of the human race; but it is more especially for your qualities as a man that we admire and love you: for while we are astonished at a power of observation in you which detects novelty in the most familiar things,—a fertility of invention which is inexhaustible, and a truth to nature which stamps fictitious characters with the individuality of real life,—our hearts are also irresistibly drawn towards you by that richness of humor which never fails to charm, and more than

all, by that sympathy with universal man, (the concomitant only of the highest genius,) which prompted you to utter the noble sentiment, that "you were anxious to show that virtue may be found in the by-ways of the world; that it is not incompatible with poverty, or even with rags; and that you wished to distil out, if you could, from evil things the soul of goodness which the Creator has put in them."

Actuated by these sentiments towards you, a number of the Young Men of Boston, at a meeting held on the evening of the 27th of November, appointed the undersigned a Committee to invite you to a public dinner, or more private entertainment, to take place in honor of your arrival, at such a time and in such a manner as may be most agreeable to yourself; and we all earnestly hope that an invitation which we give with our whole hearts, you will find it compatible with the object of your visit to accept.

*With sentiments of the truest regard and respect,*
*We are Yr Ob't Serv'ts,*

GEO. MINNS,
CHAS. H. MILLS,
JAMES R. LOWELL,
HENRY GARDNER,
SAMUEL PARKMAN, JR.

Immediately on his arrival here, Mr. Dickens was waited upon by the Committee, and he expressed his pleasure in accepting the invitation; and Tuesday, February 1st, was fixed upon as the day for the dinner; and accordingly the guests and subscribers assembled on that day at a few minutes before five o'clock, in the drawing rooms of Papanti's Hall.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., was the President of the day, and Dr. O. W. Holmes, Geo. S. Hillard, Edward G. Loring, and J. Thomas Stevenson, Esqrs., acted as Vice Presidents.

Messrs. E. H. Eldridge, W. W. Tucker, S. A. Appleton, H. Lee, Jr., and S. E. Guild, acted as a Committee of Arrangements.

The Dinner was provided by Maj. Barton, of the Albion, of which it is enough to say that it was in his best style.

Mr. Dickens was received by a Committee of the young men who invited him, and immediately on his arrival at the appointed hour of five, a full band in the gallery of the Hall commenced playing "Washington's March." The invited guests, with the President and Vice President of the day, and a part of the subscribers, were in one of the drawing rooms, and the other was well filled with the rest of the subscribers. The doors of the room last mentioned were first opened, and the subscribers took their places at their pleasure, at the tables arranged in the hall, in such a way that no one had his back to the invited guests. As soon as all had found places, and order had followed the confusion necessarily attending the quick moving of a hundred and fifty persons, the band struck up "God save the Queen," and the doors of the other drawing-room being opened, the guests, and the President and Vice Presidents entered, and were shown to the seats reserved for them.

Before the covers were removed, the Rev. Dr. Parkman asked a blessing on the occasion, in a manner at once solemn and appropriate.

The dinner then proceeded through various courses, till at the appearance of the dessert, the President rose, and addressed the company in the following manner: *

Gentlemen,—The occasion that calls us together is almost unprecedented in the annals of literature. A young man has crossed the ocean with no hereditary title, no military laurels, no princely fortune, and yet his approach is hailed with pleasure by every age and condition, and on his arrival he is welcomed as a long-known and highly-valued friend. How shall we account for this reception? Must we not at the first glance conclude with Falstaff, "If the rascal have not given me medicines, to make me love him, I 'll be hanged: it could not be else,—I have drunk medicines."

But when reflection leads us to the causes of this universal sentiment, we cannot but be struck by the power

* We copy the speeches from the Report which appeared in the Boston Daily Advertiser, and the Morning Post, of February 3d.

which mind exercises over mind, even while we are individually separated by time, space, and other conditions of our present being. Why should we not welcome him as a friend? Have we not walked with him in every scene of varied life? Have we not together investigated, with Mr. Pickwick, the theory of Tittlebats? Have we not ridden together to the "Markis of Granby" with old Weller on the box, and his son Samivel on the dickey? Have we not been rook shooting with Mr. Winkle, and courting with Mr. Tupman? Have we not played cribbage with "the Marchioness" and quaffed the rosy with Dick Swiveller? Tell us not of Animal Magnetism! We, and thousands of our countrymen, have for years been eating and talking, riding and walking, dancing and sliding, drinking and sleeping, with our distinguished guest, and he never knew of the existence of one of us. Is it wonderful that we are delighted to see him, and to return in a measure his unbounded hospitalities? Boz a stranger! Well may we again exclaim, with Sir John Falstaff, "D'ye think we did n't know ye?—We knew ye as well as him that made ye."

But a jovial fellow is not always the dearest friend; and although the pleasure of his society would always recommend the great progenitor of Dick Swiveller, "the perpetual grand of the glorious Appollers," in a scene like this,—yet the respect of grave doctors and of fair ladies prove that there are higher qualities than those of a pleasant companion to recommend and attach them to our distinguished guest. What is the charm that unites so many suffrages? It is that in the lightest hours, and in the most degraded scenes which he has portrayed, there has been a reforming object and moral tone, not formally thrust forth in the canvass, but infused into the spirit of the picture, with those natural touches whose contemplation never tires.

With what a power of delineation have the abuses of his institutions been portrayed! How have the poor-house, the jail, the police courts of justice, passed before his magic mirror, and displayed to us the petty tyranny of the low-minded official, from the magnificent Mr. Bumble, and the

hard-hearted Mr. Roker, to the authoritative Justice Fang —the positive Judge Starleigh! And as we contemplate them, how strongly have we realized the time-worn evils of some of the systems they revealed to our eyesight, sharpened to detect the deficiencies and mal-practices under our own.

The genius of chivalry, which had walked with such power among men, was exorcised by the pen of Cervantes. He did but clothe it with the name and images of Don Quixote de la Mancha and his faithful Squire, and ridicule destroyed what argument could not reach.

This power belongs in an eminent degree to some of the personifications of our guest. A short time ago it was discovered that a petty tyrant had abused the children who had been committed to his care. No long and elaborate discussion was needed to arouse the public mind. He was pronounced a perfect Squeers, and eloquence could go no further. Happy is he who can add a pleasure to the hours of childhood—but far happier he who, by fixing the attention of the world on their secret sufferings, can protect or deliver them from their power.

But it is not only as a portrayer of public wrongs that we are indebted to our friend. What reflecting mind can contemplate some of those characters without being made more kind-hearted and charitable? Descend with him into the very sink of vice—contemplate the mistress of a robber—the victim of a murderer—disgraced without—polluted within—and yet, when, in better moments, her natural kindness breaks through the cloud—when she tells you that no word of counsel, no tone of moral teaching, ever fell upon her ear—when she looks forward from a life of misery to a death by suicide—you cannot but feel that there is no condition so degraded as not to be visited by gleams of a higher nature, and rejoice that He alone will judge the sin who knows also the temptation. Again, how strongly are the happiness of virtue and the misery of vice contrasted. The morning scene of Sir Mulberry Hawk and his pupil, brings out in strong relief the night scene of Kit Nubbles and his mother. The one in affluence and splendor, trying to find

an easier position for his aching head, surrounded with means and trophies of debauchery, and thinking "there would be nothing so snug and comfortable as to die at once." The other in the poorest room, earning a precarious subsistence by her labors at the wash tub—ugly, and ignorant, and vulgar, surrounded by poverty, with one child in the cradle, and the other in the clothes basket, "whose great round eyes emphatically declared that he never meant to go to sleep any more, and thus opened a cheerful prospect to his relations and friends," and yet in this situation, with only the comfort that cleanliness and order could impart—kindness of heart, and the determination to be talkative and agreeable throws a halo round the scene, and as we contemplate it we cannot but feel that Kit Nubbles has attained to the summit of philosophy, when he discovered "there was nothing in the way in which he was made, that called upon him to be a snivelling, solemn, whispering chap —sneaking about as if he could n't help it, and expressing himself in a most unpleasant snuffle—but that it was as natural for him to laugh as it was for a sheep to bleat, a pig to grunt, or a bird to sing." Or take another example, when wealth is attained, though by different means and for different purposes. Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride are industrious and successful; like the vulture, they are ever soaring over the field that they may pounce on the weak and unprotected. Their constant employment is grinding the poor, and preying upon the rich. What is the result? Their homes are cold and cheerless—the blessing of him that is ready to perish comes not to them, and they live in wretchedness to die in misery. What a contrast have we in the glorious old twins—brother Charles and brother Ned. They have never been to school, they eat with their knives, (as the Yankees are said to do,) and yet what an elucidation do they present of the truth that it is better to give than to receive! They acquire their wealth in the honorable pursuits of business. They expend it to promote the happiness of every one within their sphere, and their cheerful days and tranquil nights show that wealth is a blessing or a curse, as it ministers to the higher or lower propensities of our nature.

"He that hath light within his own clear breast,
May sit i' the centre and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;
Himself is his own dungeon."

Such men are powerful preachers of the truth, that universal benevolence is the true panacea of life; and although it was a pleasant fiction of brother Charles "that Tim Linkinwater was born a hundred and fifty years old, and was gradually coming down to five and twenty," yet he who habitually cultivates such a sentiment will, as years roll by, attain more and more to the spirit of a little child; and the hour will come when that principle shall conduct the possessor to immortal happiness and eternal youth.

If, then, our guest is called upon to state what are

"The drugs, the charms,
The conjuration and the mighty magic,
He's won our daughters with,"

well might he reply, that in endeavoring to relieve the oppressed, to elevate the poor, and to instruct and edify those of a happier condition, he had only "held the mirror up to Nature. To show virtue her own form — scorn her own image." That "this only was the witchcraft he had used;" and, did he need proof of this, there are many fair girls on both sides of the water who, though they might not repeat the whole of Desdemona's speech to a married man, yet could each tell him,

"That if he had a friend, that loved her,
He should but teach him how to tell *his stories*,
And that would win her."

I would, gentlemen, it were in my power to present, as on the mirror in the Arabian tale, the various scenes in our extended country, where the master-mind of our guest is at this moment acting. In the empty school room, the boy at his evening task has dropped his grammar, that he may roam with Oliver or Nell. The traveller has forgotten the fumes of the crowded steamboat, and is far off with our guest, among the green valleys and hoary hills of old Eng-

land. The trapper, beyond the Rocky mountains, has left his lonely tent, and is unroofing the houses in London with the more than Mephistophiles at my elbow. And, perhaps, in some well-lighted hall, the unbidden tear steals from the father's eye, as the exquisite sketch of the poor schoolmaster and his little scholar brings back the form of that gifted boy, whose "little hand" worked its wonders under his guidance, and who, in the dawning of intellect and warm affections, was summoned from the school-room and the play-ground for ever. Or to some bereaved mother the tender sympathies and womanly devotion, the touching purity of little Nell, may call up the form where dwelt that harmonious soul, which uniting in itself God's best gifts, for a short space shed its celestial light upon her household, and then vanishing, "turned all hope into memory."

But it is not to scenes like these that I would now recall you. I would that my voice could reach the ear of every admirer of our guest throughout the land, that with us they might welcome him, on this, his first public appearance to our shores. Like the rushing of many waters, the response would come to us from the bleak hills of Canada, from the Savannahs of the South, from the prairies of the West, uniting in an "earthquake voice" in the cheers with which we welcome CHARLES DICKENS to this new world.

Mr. Quincy concluded with the following toast:—

Health, happiness, and a hearty welcome to CHARLES DICKENS.

This toast was received with a burst of applause, and the cheering which greeted Mr. Dickens was loud and long: as soon as it ceased he responded with the following address, which he spoke earnestly, and with apparent feeling:

GENTLEMEN—If you had given this splendid entertainment to any one else in the whole wide world—if I were here to-night to exult in the triumph of my dearest friend—if I stood here upon my defence, to repel any unjust attack—to appeal as a stranger to your generosity and kindness as the freest people on the earth—I could, putting some re-

straint upon myself, stand among you as self-possessed and unmoved as I should be alone, in my own room in England. But when I have the echoes of your cordial greeting ringing in my ears—when I see your kind faces beaming a welcome so warm and earnest as never man had, I feel—it is my nature—so vanquished and subdued, that I have hardly fortitude enough to thank you. If your President, instead of pouring forth that delightful mixture of humor and pathos, which you have just heard with so much delight, had been but a caustic, ill-natured man—if he had only been a dull one—if I could only have doubted or distrusted him or you—I should have had my wits at my fingers' ends, and, using them, could have held you at arm's length. But you have given me no such opportunity; you take advantage of me in the tenderest point; you give me no chance of playing at company or holding you at a distance, but flock about me like a host of brothers, and make this place like home. Indeed, gentlemen, indeed, if it be natural and allowable for each of us, on his own hearth, to express his thoughts in the most homely fashion, and to appear in his plainest garb, I have a fair claim upon you, to let me do so to-night, for you have made my house an Aladdin's Palace. You fold so tenderly within your breasts that common household lamp in which my feeble fire is all enshrined, and at which my flickering torch is lighted up, that straight my household gods take wing, and are transported here. And whereas it is written of that fairy structure that it never moved without two shocks—one when it rose, and one when it settled down—I can say of mine that, however sharp a tug it took to pluck it from its native ground, it struck at once an easy, and a deep, and lasting root into this soil; and loved it as its own. I can say more of it, and say with truth, that long before it moved, or had a chance of moving, its master—perhaps from some secret sympathy between its timbers and a certain stately tree that has its being hereabout, and spreads its broad branches far and wide—dreamed by day and night, for years, of setting foot upon this shore, and breathing this pure air. And, trust me, gentlemen, that if I had wandered here, unknowing and unknown, I would—

if I know my own heart—have come with all my sympathies clustering as richly about this land and people—with all my sense of justice as keenly alive to their high claims on every man who loves God's image—with all my energies as fully bent on judging for myself, and speaking out, and telling in my sphere the truth, as I do now, when you rain down your welcomes on my head.

Your President has alluded to those writings which have been my occupation for some years past; and you have received his allusions in a manner which assures me—if I needed any such assurance—that we are old friends in the spirit, and have been in close communion for a long time.

It is not easy for a man to speak of his own books. I dare say that few persons have been more interested in mine than I; and if it be a general principle in nature that a lover's love is blind, and that a mother's love is blind, I believe it may be said of an author's attachment to the creatures of his own imagination, that it is a perfect model of constancy and devotion, and is the blindest of all. But the objects and purposes I have had in view are very plain and simple, and may be easily told. I have always had, and always shall have, an earnest and true desire to contribute, as far as in me lies, to the common stock of healthful cheerfulness and enjoyment. I have always had, and always shall have, an invincible repugnance to that mole-eyed philosophy which loves the darkness, and winks and scowls in the light. I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches, as she does in purple and fine linen. I believe that she and every beautiful object in external nature claim some sympathy in the breast of the poorest man who breaks his scanty loaf of daily bread. I believe that she goes barefoot as well as shod. I believe that she dwells rather oftener in alleys and by-ways, than she does in courts and palaces; and that it is good, and pleasant, and profitable, to track her out and follow her. I believe that to lay one's hand upon some of those rejected ones whom the world has too long forgotten, and too often misused, and to say to the proudest and most thoughtless, these creatures have the same elements and capacities of goodness as yourselves; they are moulded in the

same form, and made of the same clay; and though ten times worse than you, may, in having retained any thing of their original nature amidst the trials and distresses of their condition, be really ten times better—I believe that to do this is to pursue a worthy, and not useless avocation. Gentlemen, that you think so too, your fervent greeting sufficiently assures me. That this feeling is alive in the old world as well as in the new, no man should know better than I—I, who have found such wide and ready sympathy in my own dear land. That in expressing it, we are but treading in the steps of those great master spirits who have gone before, we know by reference to all the bright examples in our literature, from Shakspeare downward.

There is one other point connected with the labors (if I may call them so) that you hold in such generous esteem, to which I cannot help adverting. I cannot help expressing the delight, the more than happiness, it was to me to find so strong an interest awakened, on this side of the water, in favor of that little heroine of mine, to whom your President has made allusion, who died in her youth. I had letters about that child, in England, from the dwellers in log-houses among the morasses, and swamps, and densest forests, and deepest solitudes, of the Far West. Many a sturdy hand, hard with the axe and spade, and browned by the summer's sun, has taken up the pen, and written to me a little history of domestic joy or sorrow, always coupled, I am proud to say, of interest in that little tale, or some comfort or happiness derived from it: and the writer has always addressed me, not as a writer of books for sale, resident some four or five thousand miles away, but as a friend to whom he might freely impart the joys and sorrows of his own fireside. Many a mother—I could reckon them, now, by dozens, not by units—has done the like; and has told me how she lost such a child at such a time, and where she lay buried, and how good she was, and how, in this or that respect, she resembled Nell. I do assure you that no circumstance of my life has given me one hundredth part of the gratification I have derived from this source. I was wavering at the time whether or not to wind up my clock,

and come and see this country; and this decided me. I felt as if it were a positive duty, as if I were bound to pack up my clothes, and come and see my friends. And even now I have such an odd sensation in connexion with these things, that you have no chance of spoiling me. I feel as though we were agreeing—as indeed we are, if we substitute for fictitious characters the classes from which they are drawn—about third parties, in whom we had a common interest. At every new act of kindness on your part, I say it to myself—that's for Oliver—I should not wonder if that were meant for Smike—I have no doubt that it is intended for Nell; and so I become a much happier, certainly, but a more sober and retiring man, than ever I was before.

Gentlemen! talking of my friends in America, brings me back naturally and of course to you. Coming back to you, and being thereby reminded of the pleasure we have in store in hearing the gentlemen who sit about me, I arrive by the easiest, though not by the shortest course in the world, at the end of what I have to say. But before I sit down, there is one topic on which I am desirous to lay particular stress. It has, or should have, a strong interest for us all, since to its literature every country must look for one great means of refining and improving its people, and one great source of national pride and honor. You have in America great writers—great writers—who will live in all time, and are as familiar to our lips as household words. Deriving (which they all do in a greater or less degree, in their several walks) their inspiration from the stupendous country that gave them birth, they diffuse a better knowledge of it, and a higher love for it, all over the civilized world. I take leave to say, in the presence of some of those gentlemen, that I hope the time is not far distant when they, in America, will receive of right some substantial profit and return in England from their labors; and when we, in England, shall receive some substantial profit and return in America from ours. Pray do not misunderstand me. Securing to myself from day to day the means of an honorable subsistence, I would rather have the affectionate regard of my fellow men, than I would have heaps and mines of gold.

But the two things do not seem to me incompatible. They cannot be, for nothing good is incompatible with justice. There must be an international arrangement in this respect: England has done her part; and I am confident that the time is not far distant when America will do hers. It becomes the character of a great country; *firstly*, because it is justice; *secondly*, because without it you never can have, and keep, a literature of your own.

Gentlemen, I thank you with feelings of gratitude, such as are not often awakened, and can never be expressed. As I understand it to be the pleasant custom here to finish with a toast, I would beg to give you—

America and England; and may they never have any division but the Atlantic between them.

It was some time ere the applause and cheering which followed this speech subsided; as soon as silence was obtained, the President said:—

That it had been said that painters, in portraying pictures of ideal female beauty, unconsciously sketched the features of her who was dearest to their hearts. If this was as true of the novelist as the painter, how greatly are the admirers of the lovely creations of our friend's genius indebted to her who holds this relation to him! With his permission, therefore, he proposed—

*The health of the Lady of our distinguished guest*—If she were the model of the pure and elevated females of his works, it might be well said that she was the better half, *even* of Charles Dickens.

This toast was drunk with nine cheers, the company all standing.

The President said he would propose one toast more, and for a response to it he should look to the other end of the table. He then gave—

*The Old World and the New*—In the beautiful language of our guest, there is one broad sky over all; and whether it be blue or cloudy, there is the same heaven beyond it.

Edward G. Loring, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents, responded to this sentiment as follows:—

Mr. President—Your sentiment refers directly to what

the sentiment of our guest, your welcome to him, and his English response, must have pressed on the minds of all of us,—the peculiar bonds of union between England and America. There is no one here who would wish them fewer or weaker than they are—a common parentage, a common literature, and common national interests; and yet there is a bond better than all these—better, because it is stronger and broader. Our common parentage is surely much; yet the relationship of nations has never proved the strongest of national bonds, nor withstood the trials of conflicting interests, or the rivalry for wealth or power; a common literature is indeed much more, and New England is not the place in our land where it will be first undervalued. Since common scholarship began here—and that was the day and the hour the passengers of the Mayflower landed on Plymouth Rock—since then it has been our earnest New-England thanksgiving that we had our birth-right in English literature, and that "the well of English undefiled" was within the lines of our heritage, and that we had an inalienable right to draw of its waters, even under the suspicion that we tinged them as we drew. It is the blessing we have prized more than any other, and by which we have profited more than any other—that we could open the huge volume of English learning, illumined more brightly than missal ever shone, that genius had blazoned for a foreign people in a foreign land, and read its glorious text in the full and ready apprehension of our own vernacular; but this is now not peculiar to us—the scholarship of every country has attained it, and the degree of union that it gives. Scholars fraternize every where, and the Republic of Letters is as broad as the limits of civilization; but there is yet another broader and stronger bond than parentage or literature, which binds not merely the scholars of England and America—not merely the two nations, as such, in their national capacities and relations, and interests—but which binds together *the people* of the nations of England and America as one people, and binds them all the closer, as by its own force it excludes the people of all other nations from the alliance.

The people of other nations are separated from each other, and have been so, and must remain so, in spite of all the affinities with which circumstances and civilization have combined to unite them; these are stronger in modern Europe to-day than between any nations the world has seen —yet of those nations the people of each are as distinct from the people of every other, as if they belonged to different epochs of time. This is not because of any difference in their degree of civilization—in mental or moral culture—in the schools of their learning, or their systems of philosophy—or in the forms and usages of their social life;—in these they are alike—so much alike, that the same classes in the different nations differ less than different classes in the same nation. It is not because their political relations are hostile, for peace is in all their borders; and the wisdom of statesmen is tasked to interweave their political interests; it is not the difference of their forms of government—for in these they resemble each other more than America resembles her mother country; it is not the geographical barriers that separate them from each other—between them no ocean rolls—between many of them neither mountains rise nor rivers run—inhabiting the same continent—the same plain—with a local division so slight that the small grass which fixes its root in one State hangs its blade in the other—with a boundary line as purely mathematical as that of our New England farms, which run from a tree to a stake and stones—yet the people on each side of this line are a distinct people—the governments may league in peace and war—their scholars may consort in literary fellowship, but the people never touch—they are distinct, and are kept distinct, by their different spoken language. This bars their intercourse, and shuts up in each all homelike thoughts and feelings, and "their dear familiar words"—they find on each other's tongue the shibboleth of alienation; their different languages mark the line of their insulation, and though that line may be as slight as invisible, yet it is as impassable as the magic circle of a fairy dance —that leaves no impress on the evening dew; yet separates the different beings of different worlds.

So will it be for ever. The difference of language of the nations shall make their people strangers as it has from the beginning. That beginning is recorded in holy writ—the judgment of the plain of Shinar when Babel fell, has overspread the earth—all time has confirmed it, and the generations of every nation in its variant tongue has repeated it—against it no circumstance or human contrivance has prevailed any thing—arts and arms, civilization and conquests, have changed every thing else, but of this judgment not one letter is altered—as it was first writ it is now read. Call that record a history or a metaphor, yet the fall of Babel typifies the most pregnant event that marks the course of man; of that event the people of England and America are alone untouched; of Babel's tower not a brick fell between them; from the decree which sundered all other people, they alone are exempted, and that decree is their authority, their necessity, to go on together in their great courses, with ideas, thoughts and sentiments in common; and made common by their common utterance. Using not only the same books, but the same spoken words; listening to the same preaching from the desk, to the same teachings of philosophy, to the same discussion of moral and political principles; using the same inventions of art, the same developements of science; applying the same rules of right and wrong to the management of their daily affairs; having the same conventional forms and usages of life, the same table-talk, parlor conversation and nursery prattle—all things that go most certainly to fix mental and moral habits, and make first individual and then national character; the people of England and the people of America must be forever one people—and this is the result of their common spoken language.

This is, Sir, a part of what the young men of Boston claim this common spoken language has done for them; and the question comes to their own minds, what have they done for that? Here it is not for them to say; they must repress the impulse to point to their fellow citizens who are their guests to day. But, Sir, there is one thing they may do, one act of the young men of Boston to which they may

refer—for it was the act of their forefathers, when they were the young men of Boston—they founded in their new wilderness HARVARD COLLEGE, and made it its great duty to guard the purity of our English speech. Sir, if we have not profited in that respect by her teachings, it is our own fault; but there is one lesson of her's that we have learned by heart, and would repeat now when we meet her at our own festival—it is, "To give honor to those who in their high office do honor to her."

When the immense cheering occasioned by this sentiment had subsided, President QUINCY, of Harvard University, presented himself before the company, and was received with enthusiastic greeting. He replied to the compliment paid to himself and old Harvard, in the following terms:

It is not quite fair, gentlemen, not quite fair. When I received your invitation, I had many doubts, concerning accepting it. I saw very plainly that, if I did, by some hook or crook, I should be set up for a speech; and I now feel disposed to give myself the same advice, which was once given by Swift. "Sir," said a man to Swift, "I am about to set up for a wit." "Sir," said Swift to the man, "you had better sit down again."

I thought, indeed, gentlemen, that I had laid an anchor to the windward, and that I was not to be assailed by either toast or sentiment; that none of that intellectual machinery was to be applied to me, by which it is usual on such occasions as these, to rasp speeches out of dry and reluctant natures. Why, gentlemen, I belong to a past age. It is no more reasonable to expect a man of three score years and ten to make a good after-dinner speech than it is to expect he should dance well a hornpipe. Nature is against it. A great many particulars enter into the composition of a good after-dinner speech, which it is scarcely possible for an old man to command. Such a speech should be at once witty and wise. It should have sentiment and fancy. There should be a sprinkling of salt,—the pure attic; and a large infusion of the essence of roses, provided it be distilled from those which grow on the side of Parnassus. There should be a layer of *utile* and a layer of *dulce*, alternately. Sound

sense should be at the bottom, and at the top as much sugar work and fancy flummery as the occasion will bear. Now it is next to impossible for a man of my age to collect all these materials at a moment's warning. Besides, there are two essential things in which he is necessarily deficient—memory and fancy. To an old man, Memory is an arrant jade; eternally playing him tricks; and like most of her sex, not at all delicate in letting him know what a preference she has for young men. An old man's fancy can neither run nor walk; much less can it fly, for in its wings there is neither quill nor pin-feather. Besides, gentlemen, it is a rule, that when a man's son has set up in the trade, and is carrying it on pretty successfully, it is full time for his father to quit business. Otherwise unpleasant comparisons may occur. It might be said, possibly, that "the father beats the son," which would look unkind and unparental. Or it might be said, which in this case is more likely, that "the son beats the father," which, all will agree, is quite cruel and unnatural.

The fear of being called up for a speech was not my only difficulty, gentlemen, in accepting your invitation. I reasoned with myself something in this way. Here is a young man come across the Atlantic, who, ever since he was a man, has been harvesting laurels, and here he is, with his hands full and his head covered with them, and the young men of Boston, with a laudable disposition to do justice to merit, have resolved to place a small twig of Yankee laurel among the great collection he has brought with him from Europe. All this is well, and very proper. But what have I to do with it? I am not a young man. Shall I not be out of place? So I was in great difficulty; for to tell you the truth, I had an intense desire to be present on the occasion. In this dilemma, I said to a judicious friend of mine, "The young men have invited me to the dinner they are about to give to Mr. Dickens; do you advise me to go?" "By no means," my friend replied; "you will be out of your place, and in their way. Why, you will prevent the young men from cracking their jokes." Now, gentlemen, observe when you will, and you will find, that when a man asks ad-

vice, and the advice given thwarts his inclination, instead of acquiescing, he always falls to arguing. And so I did on this occasion. "Why," I replied, "if the jokes they crack are good jokes, I should like to be at their cracking; but if there should be a disposition in any of them to make bad jokes"—a thing by the way they never learnt from the writings of the gentleman they desire to honor, for in all his works not a bad joke is to be found—"in such case, should my presence prevent them, it would be useful." So drawing a reason in favor of accepting the invitation, from the very argument adduced against it, I resolved to follow my inclination; threw my judicious friend's advice to the winds, and accepted the invitation.

But my difficulties were not all over, then. Some time elapsed between my acceptance and the dinner; during which my mind was busy with its doubts and conjectures. Shall I be the oldest man in the company? Will there be any one there of my age, or near it? Will there be any but young men there? At length my mind settled down into an intense desire to know how this meeting would be composed; and whether it would be composed wholly of young men. I felt, gentlemen, very much as —— I hope what I am going to say, will give no offence. Remember, it is not said by way of application or adaptation, but only by way of illustration: I felt then in regard to the composition of this meeting, very much as Sam Weller did on another occasion. You all know Sam Weller. If any of you do not, I advise you to form an acquaintance with him as soon as possible. He is worth knowing; and quite a classical character. I felt, I say, concerning the composition of this meeting, as Sam Weller did, when invited to dine on a veal pie. "Why," said Sam, "I like the invitation much. A weal pie is a nice thing, a werry nice thing; but then I should like to know, beforehand, how it is composed, and whether there is likely to be found there any thing besides—*kittens*."

Gentlemen, (continued Mr. Quincy, glancing with a serious aspect at the reporters) I hope this rambling speech is not to be published, but the presence of those light-fingered gentry in the corner, makes me fear that it is.

To be serious, however, gentlemen. At my period of life and in my position in society, I should not have felt justified in accepting your invitation, had I regarded it as a tribute to *mere genius;* had I considered it only as an acknowledgement of allegiance, or as a desire to do honor to that mysterious and wayward power, which is creative, but seldom discriminating; which catches and reflects every occurring ray of fancy, utterly regardless whether it be useful or noxious; which we are often compelled to admire at the very moment the associations it introduces into our minds fill us with shame, or pain, or disgust.

In the writings of the gentleman, in honor of whom we have now assembled, I saw, indeed, enough of that mysterious and wayward power to satisfy the cravings of any ambition, but I saw also something higher and better than genius. A tone uniformly moral, a purpose always excellent, thoughts deep and brilliant, yet ever transparent with purity; so that it may be truly said of this author, that in all the numerous pages, which constitute his writings, there is not one, through which the most delicate female mind may not pass "in maiden meditation, fancy free."

These are substantial glories. It speaks well for the age, when a young man can thus write and be popular. It speaks for it more and better, when its young men are willing and anxious to applaud and do honor to the author of such writings.

Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, but conclude by giving you a toast, if my treacherous memory will so far serve me. I will give you

*Genius*—in——(Here, however, the venerable President's Memory *did* desert him, and, after a brief interval spent in vain attempts to summon her to his aid, he looked pleasantly around, and said:)—

Gentlemen, a good memory is a great thing, and I will give you all a piece of advice, which it may be useful to you to remember—when you are not certain that you can keep a thing in your head, be sure to keep it in your pocket. He then, enforcing his precept by example, drew from his own pocket a scrap of paper, and read:

*Genius*—In its legitimate use, uniting wit with purity; instructing the high in their duties to the low; and, by improving the morals, elevating the social condition of man.

During the delivery of his speech, Mr. Quincy was frequently interrupted with bursts of laughter and applause, and the happy sally with which he got over his concluding difficulty set the company in a roar, which continued until the President of the evening, Mr. Quincy, Jr., arose and said that as the President of Harvard University had introduced to them Sam Weller, he would take the liberty to read to them one of the sayings of that distinguished personage:

"If ever I wanted any thing of my father (said Sam) I always asked for it in a werry 'spectful and obliging manner. If he didn't give it me, I took it, for fear I should be led to do any thing wrong through not having it."

The President then called on one of the Vice Presidents at the lower end of the hall, and Geo. S. Hillard, Esq., responded as follows:—

Mr. President.—Our meeting together this evening is one of the agreeable results of the sympathy established between two great and distant nations by a common language and a common literature. We are paying our cheerful tribute of gratitude and admiration to one, who, though heretofore a stranger to us in person, has made his image a familiar presence in innumerable hearts, who has brightened the sunshine of many a happy, and cheered the gloom of many a desponding breast, whose works have been companions to the solitary and a cordial in the sick man's chamber, and whose natural pathos and thoughtful humor, flowing from a genius as healthy as it is inventive, have drawn more closely the ties which bind man to his brother man, and have given us a new sense of the wickedness of injustice, the deformity of selfishness, the beauty of self-sacrifice, the dignity of humble virtue, and the strength of that love which is found in "huts where poor men lie." The new harvest of applause which is gathered by the gifted minds of England, in a country separated from their own, by three thousand miles of ocean, is a privilege peculiar to them, and one to which no author, however rich in

golden opinions won at home, can feel himself indifferent. No brow can be so thickly shaded with indigenous laurels, as not to wear, with emotion, those which are the growth of a foreign soil. There is no homage so true and unquestionable as that which the stranger offers. At home, the popularity of an author may, during his own life, at least, be greatly increased by circumstances not at all affecting the intrinsic value of his writings. The caprice of fashion, the accident of high rank or distinguished social position, the zeal of a literary faction or a political party, may invest some "Cynthia of the minute" with a brief notoriety, which resembles true fame only as the meteor does the star. But popularity of this kind is of too flimsy and delicate a texture to bear transportation. It is only merit of a solid and durable fabric which can survive a voyage across the Atlantic. It has been said with as much truth as point, that a foreign nation is a sort of contemporaneous posterity. Its judgment resembles the calm, unbiassed voice of future ages. It has no infusion of personal feeling; it is a serene and unimpassioned verdict, neither won by favor, nor withheld from prejudice. The admiration which comes from afar off is valuable in the direct ratio of its distance, as there is the same degree of assurance that it springs from no secondary cause, but is a spontaneous and unbought tribute. An English author might see with comparative unconcern his book upon a drawing-room table in London, but should he chance to meet a well-thumbed copy of it in a log-house beyond our western mountains, would not his heart swell with just pride at the thought of the wide space through which his name was diffused and his influence felt, and would not his lips almost unconsciously utter the expression of the wandering Trojan:

"Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

It is also probably true, that, in our country, English authors find their warmest and most impassioned admirers. It is as true of the mind as of the eye, that distance lends enchantment to the view. There are no hues so soft and delicate as those with which the imagination invests that

which is unseen or faintly discerned. Remoteness in space has the same idealizing effect as remoteness of time. The voice that comes to us from the dim distance is like that which comes to us from the dim past. We know, but we do not feel, the interval which separates Shakspeare from Scott, Milton from Wordsworth, Hume from Hallam. We know them only by those airy creations of the brain which speak to us through the printed page. Solitude, and silence too, are the nurses of deep and strong feeling. That imaginative element, which exalts the love of Dante for Beatrice, and of Burns for his "Mary in Heaven," deepens the fervor of admiration with which the pale, enthusiastic scholar, in some lonely farm-house in New England, hangs over a favorite author, who, though perhaps a living contemporary, is recognized only as an absolute essence of genius, wisdom, or truth. The minds of men, whom we see face to face, appear to shine upon us darkly through the infirmities of a mortal frame. Their faculties are touched by weariness or pain, or some humiliating weakness or unhandsome passion thrusts its eclipsing shadow between us and the light of their genius. Not so with those to whom they speak only through the medium of books. In these we see the products of those golden hours, when all that was low is elevated, when all that was dark is illumined, and all that was earthly is transfigured. Books have no touch of personal infirmity—theirs is undying bloom, immortal youth, perennial fragrance. Age cannot wrinkle, disease cannot blight, death cannot pierce them. The personal image of the author is quite as likely to be a hinderance as a help to his book. The actor who played with Shakspeare in his own Hamlet probably did but imperfect justice to that wonderful play, and the next-door neighbor of a popular author will be very likely to read his books with a carping, censorious spirit, unknown to him who has seen his visage only in his mind.

Mr. President, I dwell with pleasure on the considerations to which an occasion like this gives birth. It is good for us to be here. Whatever has a tendency to make two great nations forget those things in which they differ, and remem-

ber those only in which they have a common interest, is a benefit to them both. Whatever makes the hearts of two countries beat in unison, makes them more enamored of harmony, more sensitive to discord. Honor to the men of genius who made two hemispheres thrill to the same electric touch; who at the same time, and with the same potent spell, are ruling the hearts of men in the mountains of Scotland, the forests of Canada, the hillsides of New England, the prairies of Illinois, and the burning plains of India. Their influence, so far as it extends, is a peaceful and a humanizing one. When you have instructed two men with the same wisdom, and charmed them with the same wit, you have established between them a bond of sympathy, however slight, and made it so much the more difficult to set them at variance. When I remember the history of England, how much she has done for law, liberty, virtue and religion—for all that beautifies and dignifies life—when I recollect how much that is most valuable and characteristic in our own institutions is borrowed from her—when I recall our obligations to her matchless literature, I feel a throb of gratitude that "Chatham's language is my mother-tongue," and my heart warms to the land of my fathers. I embrace with peculiar satisfaction every consideration that tends to give us an unity of spirit in the bond of peace—to make us blind to each other's faults, and kind to each other's virtues. I feel all the force of the fine lines of one whom we have the honor to receive as a guest this evening:

"Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

* * * * *

"While the manners, while the arts
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,—
Between, let ocean roll,

Our joint communion breaking with the sun.
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech—
We are one."

It is now sixty-seven years since the rapid growth of our country was sketched by Mr. Burke, in the course of his speech on conciliation with America, in a passage whose picturesque beauty has made it one of the common-places of literature, in which he represents the angel of Lord Bathurst drawing up the curtain of futurity, unfolding the rising glories of England, and pointing out to him America, a little speck scarce visible in the mass of the national interest, yet which was destined before he tasted of death to show itself equal to the whole of that commerce which then attracted the admiration of the world. There are many now living whose lives extend over the whole of this period —and during that space, what memorable changes have taken place in the relations of the two countries! Let us imagine the angel of that illustrious orator and statesman, when the last words of that profound and beautiful speech were dying upon the air, withdrawing him from the congratulations of his friends, and unfolding to him the future progress of that country, whose growth up to that period he had so felicitously sketched:—"There is that America, whose interests you have so well understood and so eloquently maintained, which, at this moment, is taking measures to withdraw from the protection and defy the power of the mother country. But mourn not that this bright jewel is destined to fall from your country's crown. It is in obedience to the same law of Providence which sends the full-fledged bird from the nest, and the man from his father's house. Man shall not be able to sever what the immutable laws of Providence have joined together. The chafing chains of colonial dependence shall be exchanged for ties light as air, yet strong as steel. The peaceful and profitable interchange of commerce—the same language—a common literature—similar laws, and kindred institutions shall bind you together with cords which neither cold-blooded

policy, nor grasping selfishness, nor fratricidal war, shall be able to snap. Discoveries in science and improvements in art shall be constantly contracting the ocean which separates you, and the genius of steam shall link your shores together with a chain of iron and flame. A new heritage of glory shall await your men of genius in those now unpeopled solitudes. The grand and lovely creations of your myriad-minded Shakspeare—the majestic line of Milton —the stately energy of Dryden, and the compact elegance of Pope, shall form and train the minds of uncounted multitudes yet slumbering in the womb of the future. Her gifted and educated sons shall come over to your shores with a feeling akin to that which sends the Mussulman to Mecca. Your St. Paul's shall kindle their devotion; your Westminster Abbey shall warm their patriotism; your Stratford-on-Avon and Abbotsford shall awaken in their bosoms a depth of emotion in which your own countrymen shall hardly be able to sympathize. Extraordinary physical advantages and the influence of genial institutions shall there give to the human race a rate of increase hitherto unparalleled; but the stream, however much it be widened and prolonged, shall retain the character of the fountain from which it first flowed. Every wave of population that gains upon that vast green wilderness shall bear with it the blood, the speech, and the books of England, and aid in transmitting to the generations that come after it, her arts, her literature, and her laws." If this had been revealed to him, would it not have required all the glow of his imagination and all the strength of his judgment to believe it? Let us who are seeing the fulfilment of the vision, utter the fervent prayer that no sullen clouds of coldness or estrangement may ever obscure these fair relations, and that the madness of man may never mar the benevolent purposes of God.

Mr. Hillard concluded by giving the following toast, which was drunk standing:—

*The gifted minds of England*—Hers by birth; ours by adoption.

The President said he did not know exactly who ought to respond to that sentiment. They had been taught how-

ever, by their guest, that the greatest merit was often found in the by-ways of life, and he would therefore give—

The adopted authors of England, and the author of the High-ways and By-ways, of old Ireland.

THOMAS C. GRATTAN, Esq., in responding to this toast, said :—

MR. PRESIDENT—Always ready to obey your call, and always happy to respond to the voice of my eloquent friend at the other extremity of the table, I cheerfully rise to attempt, as best I may, the task you have assigned to me. Frequently, sir, as it has been my duty to perform a similar task at the public festivities of Boston, the pleasure was never greater, nor did I ever feel the duty lighter, than on this occasion. The many causes for the *pleasure* I need not dilate on; and as to the *task*, it has been almost entirely anticipated, and so ably, by what has been already said in praise of the literature and in honor of the genius of England, that for me to dwell at any length upon the theme, would be no better than an ambitious attempt to emulate what I might not hope to equal.

And I might sit down now, sir, but that I am not able to resist the temptation of the position to which you have called me. I cannot avoid saying how proud I feel to have been associated by you with our glorious literature. I say *ours*, sir, emphatically, for it is ours all alike, whether we be American, English or Irish. No matter in what country we may have been by accident born; our common language, stronger than claims of birth or parentage, makes that literature our common inheritance, as it is the common bond of union, which has brought us here to-night, and will bind us together for all time. Yes, sir, let what may happen in the chances of the future—let the ties of commercial interests be one by one snapped asunder—let even the charms of social intercourse be torn up by the roots and scattered to the winds by some political tempest, it will be but for a time; for the one link of that language in which we all speak, and write, and think, will be strong enough to hold firm our sympathies, in the safe anchorage of that literature, the glory of our respective nations, and a fer-

tile field of delight to millions who labor, or who sport within it.

But I must not, Mr. President, indulge further in these desultory remarks, beyond touching on two special reasons for acknowledging the honor of being invited here to-day. The first is, sir, that I was so invited as a simple citizen of that great republic of letters, to which so many now present belong—which knows no titles, admits of neither kings nor consuls, and to have been naturalized in which, as one of the humblest of its citizens, is the circumstance of my life to which I look back with the truest and most unalloyed satisfaction. Owing to my connexion with literature, the pleasure of witnessing this fine social tribute to one of its brightest ornaments, my pride in all that does it honor is in a double degree gratified by this scene—for he who receives and they who offer such a tribute, are alike adding flowers to the wreaths hung up at the shrine of literary fame, at which we are are all worshippers.

My second reason, sir, for being particularly pleased at being among you to-day, is that it was explicitly and considerately made known to me that I was asked to make one of a company of *young* men—and that no unlucky individual beyond the age of thirty—or thereabouts—a generous latitude—had any chance of being admitted. Before I received that invitation, sir, I confess I had some serious misgivings, some vague suspicions that I had actually passed the boundary line between youth and age—a boundary line which they on its wrong side are as unwilling to acknowledge as the borderers on any other boundary line whatever. And in truth, sir, I found I could not long deceive myself with the notion to the contrary. But I for a while fondly imagined, sir, that I might possibly succeed in deceiving others as to the sad reality. I first thought of laying some "flattering unction" to my whiskers to change their rather equivocal tints. I next thought of wearing a wig—by hook or by crook endeavoring to make the gray one brown; and so, by deceiving my juvenile friends on this occasion, turning Papanti's Hall into another "Do-the-boys Hall."

But, gentlemen, I was spared the necessity of playing any

of those fantastic tricks, by learning who was to be the president of the feast. Remembering at once the many lively and youthful sallies I had so often listened to from his lips, and that the very head and front of my offending was his as well; and hating, all my life, to fight, and more especially to drink, under false colors, I thought I should be safe in serving under the banner he hung out, and that there could be no *shame* to England while there was sure to be so much glory to America. I had moreover a shrewd notion, that spirits of various shades would be mingled here to-night; and finding that I could not claim a right to muster among the black ones, I thought I would be content to range myself among the white.

And I am content, gentlemen—satisfied that it is little matter how soon the head grows gray so long as the heart keeps green, and that mixing in scenes like this is the true method to preserve that verdure of the feelings which makes us indifferent to the march of time, and—for a long time at least—insensible to the approach of age. My countryman, Moore, tells us, in one of his exquisite songs, that

> "The best of all ways
> To lengthen our days,
> Is to steal a few hours from the night."

I hope, Mr. President, that under your victorious auspices we shall carry out that maxim of true philosophy to a large practical extent on this occasion; and I may perhaps be allowed to add, by way of parody or of parallel—and for the special consolation of the venerable gentlemen of thirty *or thereabouts*—that

> The best way for old men to spin out life's joys,
> Is, as oft as they can, to crack jokes with the boys.

Mr. G. concluded by proposing the health of Richard H. Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

The President said that, as that gentleman had served so long before the mast, the company would like to see him on the quarter-deck.

On appearing in compliance with the call of the President Mr. DANA was received with repeated cheers. He said that nothing could have been more unexpected to him,

who was among the youngest of those present, than to be called up in the manner in which he had been, and at so early a period in the evening. The President had made an allusion to his service before the mast, but he could assure those who heard him, that, whatever of romance might be associated with a sailor's life, in his estimation not two whole years of it could be compared with one moment of the society and approbation of the friends he saw around him. It had been his fortune, he said, to travel in lands little known to the geographer, but it had been the fortune of their guest to travel in new worlds of thought, and of imagination. Tracing a parallel between the discoveries of Columbus in the natural world, and the discoveries of Mr. Dickens in the intellectual world, which were among the greatest events of the ages to which they respectively belonged, Mr. Dana said that their guest had made a new era in literature; and, should D'Israeli undertake a continuation of his Curiosities, the most remarkable circumstance among them all would be the fact that a young man, by the mere power of his genius, had in a few brief years so endeared himself to the people of a land not his own, as to make a triumphal progress through it. Without detaining the company further, except to thank them for the kind manner in which they had received the compliment which had been given to himself, Mr. Dana said he would conclude by proposing:—

*The Columbus of Modern Literature*—We welcome him to the new world, who has himself opened new worlds to us.

The President said that after the personal attack which Mr. Grattan had made upon his hair, it was hardly fair for him to make so direct a shot at his young friend, Mr. Dana. It was what Sam Weller would call "addin' insult to injury, as the parrot said ven they not only took him from his native land, but made him talk the English language arterwards." While he was on the subject of Mr. Weller's sayings, he would add that another extract from the works of his young friend (Mr. Dickens) had been handed to him, which he would read:—"You've got a very pretty voice, a very soft eye, and a very strong memory"—"you know forty-

seven songs. Forty-seven's your number. Let me hear one of 'em—the best. Give me a song this minute," Dr. Holmes.

The call of the President was so strongly seconded by the cheers of the assembly, that the gentleman pointed at (Dr. O. W. HOLMES) could not resist it; and, without a single excuse, (thus making himself an exception to all the singers that have gone before him,) favored the company with the following original song:

SONG.—(*Air—Gramachree.*)

The stars their early vigils keep,
The silent hours are near
When drooping eyes forget to weep—
Yet still we linger here.
And what—the passing churl may ask—
Can claim such wond'rous power,
That Toil forgets his wonted task,
And Love his promised hour?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,
Or breathes a fainter tone—
The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,
Alas! no more is blown;
And passion's burning lip bewails
Her Harold's wasted fire,
Still lingering o'er the dust that veils
The Lord of England's lyre.

But grieve not o'er its broken strings,
Nor think its soul hath died,
While yet the lark at heaven's gate sings,
As once o'er Avon's side—
While gentle summer sheds her bloom,
And dewy blossoms wave
Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb
And Nelly's nameless grave.

Thou glorious island of the sea!
Though wide the wasting flood
That parts our distant land from thee—
We claim thy generous blood;
Nor o'er thy far hor zon springs
One hallowed star of fame,
But kindles, like an angel's wings,
Our western skies in flame!

The President said that they had been told by the President of Harvard University, that it was a very good thing for a man to carry his toast in his pocket, lest his memory might fail. He had so far acted upon that principle as to prepare a toast which he had hoped would draw a speech from His Excellency Governor DAVIS, but he unfortunately had kept it in his pocket too long, for the Governor had been compelled, on account of indisposition, to retire at an early hour. The toast was

*The political pilots of Old England and of New England*—Though their titles may be different, they observe the same luminaries in the literary, and steer by the same stars in the moral, horizon.

For what they had lost in his remissness in not reading the toast before, he said he could only console them by another maxim from Sam Weller's philosophy—"It's all over and can't be helped, and that's one consolation, as they always says in Turkey ven they cuts the wrong man's head off."

The President now gave—

*Washington Allston*—He who unites the genius of the poet, the pencil of the painter, and the pen of the novelist; his name shall glow for ever upon the eternal canvass.

Mr. ALLSTON immediately rose, and in a low but firm tone, said:

MR. PRESIDENT—I hope my late illness, from which I have hardly recovered, will be a sufficient apology for my not attempting a speech. Were I to make one it would be my maiden speech, which can hardly be expected from one at my time of life. I have been lately trying to bottle up some of the healthful spirits of our friend Barnaby, which I had hoped would have served on this occasion; but I found, to my sorrow, that our other friend Grip has wickedly uncorked all the bottles. Since then I cannot make a speech, I beg leave to propose a toast:

*The Prophetic Raven:* who only spoke to posterity, when he cried, "Never say die" to Barnaby Rudge.

GENTLEMEN, said the President, should you like to hear what Sam Weller has to say in reply to the speech of our friend? It is—"Werry glad to see you Sir, indeed, and hope our acquaintance may be a long one, as the gentleman said to the fi' pun note."

In reply to a sentiment in honor of the merchants of Boston, J. THOMAS STEVENSON, Esq., one of the Vice Presidents, made the following address:—

MR. PRESIDENT—Nothing short of your direct call upon me, would have induced me to undertake to answer for the merchants here; for I am fully aware that your committee of arrangements honored me with a seat here to-night, not in expectation that I could contribute to the literary treat of the evening, but from a desire on their part to show a kind respect to the commercial community. The gentlemen composing that committee, know that our figures are not figures of speech—that our notes are not commentaries—that our letters are not belles-lettres—that our stores are not stores of knowledge—and that our folios are rich with nothing, unless perhaps with legendary lore.

But as you have called upon me, I will say one word in obedience alike to that call, and to the feelings which the present occasion provokes.

It is a subject of real congratulation, that the literary men of the old world are evincing a desire to acquaint themselves by personal observation with the institutions of our country, and with the habits of our people. Nothing could do more to remove any unjust impressions which may exist; and we may say, without subjecting ourselves to the suspicion of vain-boasting, that he who visits us with an open mind, and takes a liberal view of all that is presented to him here, will find much to interest him in the seeming contradictions by which he will be surrounded. Let it be my task to tell our guest of some things which he will find here.

He will find us a very *inviting* people. He will find *hosts* of peculiarities to enjoy, and we will trust that he may enjoy the peculiarities of the *hosts* which he finds.

He will find us full of paradoxes. For he will find the

great problem of self-government approaching its solution—the great experiment of democracy, monarch-like, claiming the *crown* for its *issue*.

He will find our army a militia—never in camp, yet always "*intent*" "*upon duty*."

He will find the great cause of temperance advancing with rapid strides, and every drunkard *brandied* with disgrace.

He will find a judiciary respected by all, excepting perhaps at the present moment those who have been in the habit of standing at the *bar*. And if he should go into one of our courts, he will find the bench occupied by a "warring of wits."

He will find our medical schools vieing with the pulpit in delivering us from false *doctoring*. He will find the means of education within the reach of all, through our common schools, while we are boasting all the time that they are uncommon schools.

He will find the religious sentiment developing itself in all its forms, from the rough madness of mormonism, to the polished insanity of transcendentalism—good in all, with a *prior* right in none.

He will find no House of Lords here; but most of us lords of houses, and our *commons* amply stored with *provisions* for the support of the *constitution*. He will find all men peers, and then may wonder how it is so many of our dames are *peerless*.

He will find want purely mechanical—pinching only through the *instrumentality* of some *vice*. He will find no pillory here, but a great variety of *stocks;* and will see whole States setting examples of self-sacrifice, by turning a deaf ear to the demands of *interest;* and if he go into our non-specie-paying States, he will find no "coigne or vantage" there. And if it be not too far-fetched, he may go to Carolina to study the *rice* of this great empire, and thence hasten to Niagara to contemplate its tremendous *fall*. And he may be shocked by the ungrammatical assurance, of those of us who are here to-night, that the present time

is pastime, and that we ought to *parse* the bottle without *declining* it.

These are things, Sir, which every man may find. But if he be one who has recalled literature from her mysterious wanderings in the clouds, to deal with and adorn the realities of life—if he be one whose works will not follow him simply because they have preceded him here—if he be one who has touched the spring of human action and sounded the very depths of the soul—if he be one whose genuine wit has made us laugh till we have cried, while his real pathos has wrung out the unwilling tears until their very sources were dry—if he be one who has exposed to us the enormities of obscure vice, while he has cleared away the rubbish from the brilliants of humble virtue, he will find here a welcome and a home.

And, Mr. President, if you will allow to me only time to offer a toast, he shall find how soon, in this country of rapid growths, the unpracticed talker can become a *finished* speaker

Mr President—I see a friend from whom I wish to hear, and so will propose

*The U. S. District Attorney*—The right hand of the law is raised for no sinister purpose.

To this play upon his name, Franklin Dexter, Esq., replied—

Mr. President—Being but little given to utter dinner speeches, I hardly know how to answer the punning attack upon my name from my friend at the lower end of the table. While I thank him for the kind but unmerited compliment it conveys, I should feel tempted, since his own name will not admit of any but an unequivocal expression of my respect, to attempt a return in kind upon that of our distinguished guest, which is not safe from a very bad pun, when we ask him how he has been able thus to excite all this enthusiam in a strange people. But as I doubt not he has heretofore suffered in that way, I forbear; and being myself a man more punned against than punning, I will only take the occasion seriously to express my participation in the general joy of the whole table.

Our satisfaction at this meeting is not the mere gratification of curiosity; though we might well be curious to know one, who has himself known so much of the various conditions and humors of life. But in addition to the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, we have that of believing that the interchange of visits between the distinguished literary men of the two countries, must have a beneficial effect upon their most important relations. No class of men have so much influence over the feelings and opinions of their countrymen as popular authors. It is within our recent recollection that the most unkind feelings towards England have been produced here, by the wanton attacks of some of our distinguished authors upon the character of her whole population and institutions; and it is by no means certain that our political relations with her have not been materially affected by so very inadequate a cause. In this view it is a source of great satisfaction to see those who lead the popular sentiment in the two countries, becoming better acquainted and more closely united; and let me offer you as a toast:

*The Universal Brotherhood of Literature*—A pacificator of the nations.

The President here read the following letter from the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella:"—

BEDFORD STREET, *January* 21, 1842.

GENTLEMEN:—I beg leave to acknowledge my sense of the honor you have done me in inviting me to be present at your proposed dinner to Mr. Dickens. Be assured it would give me sincere pleasure to join with you in this homage to this distinguished foreigner, whose writings have secured him such deserved consideration in the Republic of Letters. But the irritable state of my eyes, which would be sure to suffer from the excitement and heat of such an occasion, compels me to forego the pleasure I should otherwise have had, of sharing in your festivities. My spirit, however, will be with you—and if you will allow me, I will propose the following sentiment:

*The Alchymy of Genius*—which can extract truth from fiction, wisdom from folly, and pure morality from vice itself.

*With much respect, gentlemen,*
*Believe me your obliged and obedient servant,*
WM. H. PRESCOTT.

To G. T. Bigelow, Esq., N. Hale, Jr. Esq., Jona. F. Barrett, Esq., Fred. W. Crocker, Esq., W. W. Story, Esq., Committee of Invitation.

The President now gave the following toast :—

*The Historians of America*—He who has portrayed the discovery, and he who has illustrated the progress of our native land.

GEORGE BANCROFT, Esq., being thus alluded to, rose and delivered a very eloquent and soul-stirring address, in the course of which he said he recognized the young men of the country as the highest tribunal before which aspirants for honor could plead. They are to take our places, and make up the judgment on our labors. Their regard, their good opinion, their generous sympathy was the best reward. He recalled rapidly the names of many, who in early life gained highest distinction ; and paid a warm tribute to the guest of the day, who had put so much heart into all that he did, as to make himself, while a young man, not only world-renowned, but world-beloved.

The occasion, too, was auspicious as a tribute generally to letters. To two men who had come up to Paris possessed of no other power than that of writing French well, France had paid the tribute of highest stations ; the purpose to-day was to do honor to one who rested his right to public respect solely on his genius, and the noble use he had made of it.

Yet, Mr. Bancroft observed, that the regard manifested for the guest, was a homage also to the spirit of popular liberty. The great tendency of modern civilization was every where towards the increase of the power of the people, the recognition of the claims of every man to franchises and a share of authority ; the movement in the world

of letters corresponded; a writer who joined the rare gifts of humor, pathos, and creative power, had made fiction the vehicle of a defence of the rights of the humblest, and by the force of his talent, compelled the world to follow humanity even to the poor-house, and acknowledge that it could be redeemed even from the haunts of infamy.

Then, too, the occasion was a symbol of a kind of union among the many millions who have the English for their mother tongue. Mr. Bancroft repelled the idea that England was to make its power recognized by the sound of its martial airs following the sun in its course; yet he exulted in the thought, that in every zone the English is the united tongue of nations ripening for freedom; that under every meridian its literature is the delight of the gay, and the solace of the sad.

Nor was this union confined to language only. Mr. B. pointed out the common right of America to a large part of English literature. He observed how many of their greatest minds had expressed the heartiest interest in the New World, and had been most able defenders of the principles on which our institutions are founded.

In particular, allusion was made to Lord Byron. The purpose he so often expressed of visiting this country, the political aspect of his writings, his scoffing at the vices of false civilization, his zeal for the overthrow of abuses and the progress of reform; his hearty sympathy with this country, as shown in his giving a place in his writings to the back-woodsman as well as to Washington.

Mr. Bancroft, in conclusion, compared the enthusiasm with which Byron's works had been welcomed all the world over, with the tribute paid to genius now, and gave

*The memory of Lord Byron*—Light lie the turf on the ashes of the poet who was ever the adversary of tyranny over mind.

The speech and sentiment of Mr. Bancroft were received with enthusiastic applause.

When silence was restored, the President inquired if gentlemen remembered the excursion made by Mr. Pickwick and his companions, Snodgrass and Winkle, to Ding-

ley Dell, and the particulars of that melancholy ride? Presuming that they did, he would not detain them with a narration of them, but would merely read the pathetic words of Mr. Pickwick, in reference to the horse which he could not get rid of on that occasion :—

"It 's like a dream, ejaculated Mr. Pickwick, a hideous dream. The idea of a man's walking about all day with a dreadful horse that he can't get rid of."

Gentlemen, (continued the President,) I will give you—

The horse that Mr. Pickwick could not get rid of, and the *mayor* that nobody ever wants to get rid of.

This toast called up the Hon. JONATHAN CHAPMAN, the Mayor, who made the following humorous reply :—

More than tongue can tell, Sir, even if it had ages to wag in, am I obliged for the very complimentary character of the sentiment you have just announced. It was so disinterested—such a spontaneous, irrepressible tribute on your part, to unmitigated merit on mine, that from very considerably deeper down than the bottom of my heart, I thank you. But no, Sir. I am not quite so green as that. The plain English, as I judge from what has preceded, or, to speak more properly, the familiar Latin of the whole matter is this: "*Expectatur*,"—I will not say, "*oratio*," for that is too pretending a title, but—"*dissertatio in lingua vernacula a Chapman*."

You will be disappointed, however, Sir. With whatever authority another individual whose name you bear might utter these cabalistic words, I recognize no such authority in you. I shall attempt no dissertation, and that for two of Mr. Weller senior's reasons—first, because I can't, and second, because I "*won't*."

I am aware that I am indebted to the office which I hold, and not to any personal claims of my own, for the privilege of participating in this beautiful scene. Yes, Sir, one of the beautiful amongst human things—the spontaneous, heart-felt tribute of the young men of one country, not to the rank and wealth, but to the mingled intellect and soul of one who, though yet young, has communed with and touched more hearts than ages of common life would per-

mit, and who, in whatever land he may have been born, will find a welcome and a home wherever there is a heart to beat, or where a spark of humanity lingers.

I say that I owe to my office the privilege of being here. Permit me, therefore, to draw on my office for all that I have to say to-night. And let me just premise that it is one of its principal duties to receive complaints, for this is a complaining world, and the quarter in which we live is by no means an exception.

As I was seated in my chair this morning—not asleep, and therefore it could not have been a dream—there entered two persons evidently strangers. The one was an elderly gentleman, with a mild and beaming countenance; the other much younger, and evidently one of those peculiar personages, half companion, half servant, whom you always find attending upon good old gentlemen. Though I had never seen them before in person, they seemed like old acquaintances. They interested me at once, and I have no doubt they will this whole assembly, when I say that one of them was no less a personage than the honorable Samuel Pickwick, and the other the by no means dishonorable Mr. Samuel Weller.

Yes, Sir, there stood in the Mayor's office, in this city, to-day, the great and good Mr. Pickwick—with his bald head so glossy, that if he could turn his own eyes upon it, he would need no looking-glass to make his toilet—with the same "circular spectacles" which he always wore, only that one glass had been knocked out in the immense rush to embrace him immediately upon his landing—clothed in those immortal tights and gaiters, which are proof positive of the modern transcendental doctrine that a man is nothing without his tailor—there stood, in short, that illustrious individual whom no description can describe one half so well as the simple epithet, "Mr. Pickwick." And just in the rear, yet so nearly by his side as to seem to say, "almost your equal, but not quite," stood honest, funny Samuel Weller, grasping his hat so closely under his arm that he seemed to be holding on upon himself—as if he feared he were in a land of kidnappers.

I was about to approach these distinguished visiters, when Mr. Pickwick advanced, evidently charged with a speech which would brook no delay in the delivery, and placing himself in his peculiar attitude, "with his left hand gracefully concealed behind his coat-tails, and his right gracefully raised in the air to aid his flowing declamation," at once commenced. With your permission, I will endeavor to repeat what he said.

"Mr. Mayor," said he, "the love of one's friend is natural to man, and of one's benefactors, most particularly natural. You love yours, and I cannot deny that I am influenced by the same tender feelings. There has come to this country, and is now in your city, the youthful but learned editor of the Transactions of the Pickwick Club, of which I have the honor to be General Chairman, as will appear by the letters of G. C. M. P. C. upon my card, which I have the honor to hand you. I stand in a peculiar relation to this young man, one never known before; indeed, a truly Pickwickian relation, namely, that he first created me, and then I made him. He is, too, the choice spirit of our Club. I love him. Mr. Winkle loves him. Mr. Tupman loves him. Mr. Snodgrass loves him. All love him. Indeed, we should never have consented that he should visit this strange country, unless some of us had been secretly sent to take care of him. For we have learned that you are a curious people here—that, as it has been said, whom the Gods love, die young, so whom the Americans love, they utterly kill with kindness."

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Weller, unable longer to repress his feelings, "it is currently reported in our circles that, when the Americans fancies a stranger, they makes him into *weal* pie, and dewours him."

"Hush, Samuel," said Mr. Pickwick. "don't use hard words. Never get into a passion, particularly in foreign countries, where you don't know the customs. But, Mr. Mayor, this is my source of trouble, and I come to complain that your people seemed determined to extinguish our editor. I have been trying to get at him for a week, but have not dared to trust my gaiters amidst the crowds that

surround him. I tremble when I hear of two dinners in one day, and four suppers in one night. I fear you have designs upon his life, nay, that you mean to eat him up."

"Sir," interrupted I, "do I understand you aright? Do you mean to insinuate that the American people are cannibals? Do you use your words in their common sense?"

"O no, sir," replied Mr. Pickwick, resuming his blandest expression, "I respect and honor the American people. I mean to say that they are cannibals only in a Pickwickian point of view. But, besides my personal attachment, I desire this man's life to be spared, for the sake of science, and for the cause of humanity, and of the club. Think not that the club has been sleeping, whilst its editor has been visiting the poor-houses and hovels, touching your hearts, and making you better men, by his truthful descriptions. We have been gathering materials, and are doing so still. Even your own country may furnish some of these materials:—not, however, I assure you, for the purposes of bold and coarse personalities, either of praise or of censure,—but for the delicate and beautiful touches of character,—those life-like and soul-stirring descriptions,—those pictures of humanity, which show that, behind the drapery of human forms and distinctions, the true element of a man is a warm and beating heart. These are the purposes for which we are at work,—purposes, sir, for which, though I, Samuel Pickwick, say it, the editor of the Pickwick Club has no superior upon the face of the earth.

"I pray you, therefore," said he, rising to a pitch of enthusiasm which almost choked his utterance, "I pray you to protect him. Let him not be overrun. Let him not be devoured. Spare him to return again to the halls of the Club. Spare him, sir, and the blessings of Winkle, Tupman, Snodgrass, Pickwick, and the whole race of Pickwickians, shall be on you and yours."

Having thus uttered himself, and leaving his respects for you, sir, and for this assembly, he took his leave.

Feeling myself most particularly honored by this interview, I give you as a sentiment:—

*The Hon. Samuel Pickwick, and the Pickwick Club, and its Editor*—"May they never say die."

"And when they next do ride abroad,
May we be there to see."

Mr. J. T. Stevenson, in relation to the fears expressed by Mr. Pickwick, as reported by the Mayor, that the editor of the Pickwick papers would be extinguished in America, hoped that at any rate he would not be *put out* by any thing that might take place on the present occasion.

Mr. J. M. Field ("Straws") being called upon for a song, he gave the following original and characteristic production, to a popular air:

THE WERY LAST OBSERWATIONS OF WELLER, SENIOR.

Remember vot I says, Boz,
You're goin' to cross the sea;
A blessed vay avays, Boz,
To vild Amerikey;
A blessed set of savages,
As books of travels tells;
No Guv'ner's eye to watch you, Boz,
Nor even Samivel's.

They've 'stablish'd a steam line, Boz,
A wi'lent innowation;
It's nothin' but a trap to 'tice
Our *floatin'* population;
A set of blessed cannibals—
My warnin' I repeats—
For ev'ry vun they catches, Boz,
Without ado they *eats!*

They'll *eat* you, Boz, in Boston! and
They'll *eat* you in New York!
Wherever caught, they'll play a bles-
Sed game of knife and fork!
There's prayers in Boston now that Cu-
Nard's biler may not burst;
Because their savage hope it is,
Dear Boz, to *eat* you first!

They lately caught a *prince*, Boz,
A livin' vun, from France;
And all the blessed nation, Boz,
Assembles for a *dance!*
They spares him thro' the ev'nin', Boz,
But vith a hungry stare;
Contrives a early *supper*, tho',
And then they *eats* him there!

Just think of all of yours, Boz,
Devoured by them already;
Avoid their greedy lures, Boz,
Their appetites is steady;
For years they've been a feastin', Boz,
Nor *paid* for their repast:
And vont they make a blessed feast
When they catches *you* at last!

Lord! how they gobbled "Pickwick"—fate
Which "Oliver" befel!
And watering mouths met "Nic" and "Smike,"
And watering eyes as well!
Poor "Nell" was not too tender, Boz,
Nor ugly "Quilp" too tough;
And "Barnaby"—I'm blest if e'er
I thinks they'll have enough!

I'll tell you vot you does, Boz,
Since go it seems you vill;
If you vould not expose, Boz,
Yourself their maws to fill;
Just "Marryatt," or "Trollope," Boz,
Within your pocket hem;
For blow me if I ever thinks
They'll ever *swallow* them!

This song, excited peals of laughter nearly at every line, and at the conclusion there was a spontaneous outburst, which proved how universal was the sentiment expressed in the last stanza, in relation to two of the most amiable individuals who have honored this country with a visit. The President complimented the author by another draft upon the sage observations of Mr. Weller:—

"Ah, said the little man, you're a wag, aint you?"

"My eldest brother was troubled with that complaint, said Sam; it may be catching; I used to sleep with him."

The President here read the following letter from Washington Irving:—

SUNNYSIDE, *January* 25, 1842.

GENTLEMEN:—I have this moment received your letter of the 17th instant, which has probably been detained in New York. I regret extremely that circumstances put it out of my power to accept your very obliging invitation to the dinner about to be given to Mr. Dickens.

Accept, gentlemen, my best thanks for this very flattering mark of good will, and believe me,

*Very respectfully,*

*Your obliged and humble servant,*

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Messrs. George Tyler Bigelow, Nathan Hale, Jr., Jonathan Fay Barrett, Frederick W. Crocker, W. W. Story, Committee of Invitation.

The following toast was then proposed:—

*Geoffrey Crayon*—May he who has exhibited the *sunny side* of old England long live on the "Sunnyside" of America.

The President next gave—

*Richard H. Dana, Sen'r*—The glory of fathers is their children; and the glory of children is their fathers.

Mr. DANA, in acknowledging this compliment, spoke of the sacred nature of the allusion which induced him to rise, and added, that like many others, he felt a degree of gratitude to the distinguished guest of the evening. From his writings he had derived joy, hour after hour; and even more than that; in reading many of his passages he had felt a sorrow that was dearer than joy. He then referred to some of the lighter characteristics of the productions of Mr. Dickens, and concluded by humorously observing that as talking was rather dry work, he would take the liberty of tendering to Mr. Dickens Bob Sawyer's invitation in Bob Sawyer's words—of asking him "if he would take something to drink."

The President here read the following letters from Drs. Channing and Stuart:

*January* 21.

GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your invitation to the dinner to be given to Mr. Dickens. I have many sympathies with you and with the gentlemen you represent, in regard to this distinguished writer; but it will not be in my power to accept your invitation.

*Very truly yours,*

WM. E. CHANNING.

To the Committee of Invitation.

ANDOVER, 22*d Jan.* 1842.

GENTLEMEN—Your note of the 17th inst. reached me yesterday. I thank you most sincerely for the kind invitation which it contains. Most gladly would I accept it if circumstances permitted. Mr. Dicken's works have been a favorite source of resort for me, when I wished to relax from graver study. There is so much in them to excite the imagination, to interest the feelings, and to make man kinder and more beneficent to his fellow man, that I have come to entertain a high regard for the author, and a lively interest in his success and future usefulness. Most eagerly would I embrace any proper occasion to make acquaintance with him, and to do him honor.

I doubt not that you will enjoy "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." But my present engagements, and the state of my health, forbid me to accept your friendly proposal. In spirit, I shall be present with you, and with my whole soul give a most hearty welcome to Mr. Dickens, on his entrance into a new world. We have material enough here for him to construct several new edifices, perhaps some with which he may rear a temple that will perpetuate his name among us.

I never write toasts, much less do I *drink* them. But if I could be present with you, I should be greatly tempted to volunteer the following:

"The Star from the East, which has thrilled so many hearts with joy by its radiance, and scattered light over so many dark places filled with the habitations of cruelty—

may equal splendor attend its remaining course, and its setting be in a heaven of unclouded glory!"

*I am gentlemen, with much respect,*

*Your obedient servant,*

MOSES STUART.

Messrs. G. T. Bigelow, N. Hale, Jr., and others.

The President gave

*The Clergy of New England*—There may be among them differences of faith in religion, but no difference of feeling concerning the great interests of humanity;—and called on the Rev. Dr. PALFREY, who responded with great felicity, and in the course of his remarks argued in favor of the passage of laws in England and America, securing to the authors of each nation the profits of their works in both, and concluded with the following sentiment:

"Mutual justice between nations, extending to the mutual protection of the fabrics of the mind."

The President, after alluding to the ingenious expedient practiced by that most noted "saw bones," Dr. Robert Sawyer, to attract the public attention, when just entering upon his professional life—the leaving of an empty bottle at all the houses in his neighborhood, "by mistake"—gave,

*The Medical Profession*—They have left off the practice of sending round empty bottles for their own profit, and are doing all in their power to prevent other people from sending round full ones for their comfort.

Dr. BIGELOW being called on, responded to this toast as follows:

Mr. CHAIRMAN—I confess that I do not perceive in the present exigency any very urgent occasion for calling in the services of the medical profession. It seems to me that we are surrounded by good looks and good spirits, and as far as we may trust appearances, there has been no especial lack of good appetites. And if I were permitted to extend a little farther my medical report on the condition of the present meeting, I should say that the pulse of this assembly beats with but one measure, and that the tongues

which have been put forth on this occasion are certainly of the smoothest description.

I might proceed farther with my professional remarks, but find myself forestalled by the Chairman, who, in his introductory speech, has informed the meeting that a foreign practitioner has arrived among us, and that he "has been giving us medicines." If it be so, Sir, my occupation is gone. Nevertheless, I shall not exhibit any professional jealousy, nor shall I favor the proposition which has been made this evening to deliver over the new visiter to be "eaten by cannibals." The worst I wish him, is, that when he is again invited to dine, he may not have to "eat his own words," upon quite so large a scale as he has done this evening.

The Chairman has not enlightened us upon the character of the newly discovered medicine, whether it be poppy or mandragora, or some more potent drug. But if I may risk a conjecture, he must mean a certain foreign composition, which has lately been imported in the form of papers, bearing the stamp and label of Pickwick & Co. This is a very good medicine, Sir, and has many things to recommend it. In the first place it is very accessible, being placarded in all our shop windows, and kept in every man's house. It is also economical, for a little of it goes a great way, and it is acknowledged by all to be "very filling for the price." Farthermore, Sir, it is very convenient, for it does not even require the old prudential precaution "when taken to be well shaken," for those who take it are very sure to shake themselves.

But, Sir, like all other agreeable stimulants, its use requires caution. It is found that those who resort to it are very apt to fall into an habitual indulgence. The victims of this practice are not unfrequently confined to their houses; they grow indifferent to objects about them; the muscles of their faces are affected by spasmodic movements; and finally they fall into convulsions. And the worst of it is, Sir, that we have no remedy for the evil, nor efficient means of preventing it. My excellent friend at the other end of the table has talked about temperance measures;

but if we propose a total abstinence society, nobody will sign the pledge. And if we look around among those who are sipping at this fountain, in hopes to influence the moderate drinkers, they will tell us that there are no such persons to be found. And when we threaten them with the serious consequences which must follow their infatuation, they tell us that whatever the consequences may be, they are certainly any thing but serious.

In short, Mr. Chairman, I fear there is no such thing as resisting this tide of popular sentiment. For how can we expect to influence an excited multitude, with scarce a sober man among them. Despairing, therefore, to produce reform among so incorrigible a set, or even to effect any considerable diversion in our favor, when the author of the mischief has made all the diversion himself, it only remains for us to succumb with as much dignity as we may, and I shall only stipulate for your permission to deliver a parting opinion in the form of a toast.

*The readers of Pickwick*—Always certain to have their own way, for they are always certain to be the majority.

The President said that as he had taken the liberty to allude to a distinguished member of the medical profession, he could not incur the responsibility of neglecting Sampson Brass, Esq., "an honorable member of the legal profession —the first profession in this country, Sir, or in any other country, or in any of the planets that shine above us at night, and are supposed to be inhabited." And, speaking of the law, he said, the peculiar position of his friend at the lower end of the hall (Mr. Loring, Vice President, who had Judge Warren on one side, and W. H. Gardiner, Esq., on the other,) brought to his mind another of Mr. Weller's observations.

"Battledore and Shuttlecock's a wery good game, when you aint the shuttlecock, and two lawyers the battledores, in which case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant."

Mr. Loring, for the purpose of calling up one of the gentlemen alluded to, gave—

*Our old Colony*—She has given us the best laws, the best venison, and the best *judges* of both.

(We have no report of Judge Warren's remarks, except the following sketch:)

Judge WARREN said that he had a right to complain of this personal attack upon him, by the President and Vice President, as he had had good reason to believe that he should be permitted to enjoy this occasion in peace, and without being called upon to travel out of the path which his profession and office prescribed to him; that the connexion between law and venison was not very apparent, though it was true that they were both *dear* and both the better, when well *digested;* and it might be that this and other resemblances had given fraternity to those legal veterans John *Doe* and Richard *Roe*.

He then adverted to the difficulties which any one must encounter, in attempting to speak upon any subject here; in discoursing upon the fine arts in the presence of Washington Allston; upon novels and romances, when Mr. Grattan had presumed to come among *us* young men; upon history, where Mr. Bancroft happened to be; or upon any literary and scientific topic, under the eye of the President of the University. He should therefore content himself with the sweeping and time-honored declaration that he had made diligent preparation for a speech, but had been anticipated and plagiarized by those who had preceded him.

He then said that while engaged in his legal studies, the case of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick, 3 Dickens' Reports, 245, one of the best reported cases to be found in the books, had not escaped his notice. He there found that Mr. Justice Stareleigh was described as "*a most particularly short judge*," from which he inferred that *brevity* was regarded as a great excellence in judges, and that any great degree of length would, on this occasion, lead to a repetition of the pathetic inquiry of Mr. Weller, Senior, "Vy, was 'nt there an alibi?"

He concluded by offering, as he said, a toast, which had as much connexion with what he had said, as would be expected between an impromptu speech and a prepared sentiment.

*The injustice of America*—She denies to England the

right to search American ships, but insists as among her dearest privileges, upon her right of searching in British books.

It having been suggested that the other *battledore* remained, W. H. GARDINER, Esq., arose and addressed the company at some length, and in an eloquent manner. He spoke of the relations existing between America and England, and denied that there was any ground to apprehend any rupture between the two countries. He treated with scorn the gasconading of silly, vile, and prejudiced people on the borders of the neigboring British provinces. He said that the Peel administration had taken a cordial step toward an amicable termination of the boundary question, and he had no doubt it would be met in the same spirit by the Webster administration. He gave as a toast

*The Anglo-Saxon Race*—Though politically divided, essentially united; its union is prized above all price, save one; the price of honor.

The President gave—

*The patent Boz Medicines*—They ought not to be administered in homœopathic doses.

Dr. O. W. HOLMES, on being called on for a toast, spoke of having been anticipated in the remarks he had expected to offer, (as a toast to the Editor of the North American Review.)

As he saw a gentleman near him from whom he should like to hear, he would propose, as a sentiment:

*The Clergy*—Welcome and useful wherever honest men should be. It is not the steeple that makes the church, the pulpit that makes the sermon, nor the cloth that makes the preacher.

This toast called up the Rev. CALEB STETSON, who addressed the company as follows:

Mr. PRESIDENT—When a man is called upon to speak and has nothing to say, it may be well that he should not feel himself called upon to say any thing. Much that I

should like to say has already been better said by others. I will not sit down, however, without expressing my deep joy at seeing, face to face, one with whom I, in common with my fellow citizens, have long held spiritual communion.

The profession which I unworthily represent ought to feel a deep interest in our guest as a fellow laborer in the cause of humanity. We cannot but regard him as a great preacher of righteousness; for he is a preacher of truth, of reality. He deals not in fiction; there is no sham about him.

Mr. President, some philosophers are of opinion that genius does not *invent*, but *discover;* it penetrates the veil between us and the spiritual world; and becomes acquainted with glorious forms of beauty and life hitherto unknown. The poet is an inspired seer, who ranges over the mystic dream-land, to *find* what exists, to reveal what is hidden.

Accordingly we find more truth in the creations of the man of genius, than in the details of the man of fact. Poetry tells the truth, where history lies. Who does not feel that there is more living reality in those persons whom genius has made immortal, than in the long lines of kings, who strut in dim procession through the pages of history? Tell me not that Shakspeare's men and women are "unreal mockeries," mere fictions of his imagination. No, he looked quite through the world-shadows which surround us into the realms of invisible being, and *found* them there, immortal as his own genius. Is Bardolph a fiction? is Poins, is Pistol, is Dame Quickly, a fiction? Is not the inimitable Jack Falstaff as much a reality as the President of the United States? Who at this moment doubts the actual existence of Imogen, Desdemona, Jacques, or Hamlet?

And our distinguished guest, who made us all love him as a friend before we saw his face; has he not introduced us to a whole crowd of new acquaintances, which are living realities as much as himself? Tell me not that these people are "figments of his brain." We know better. Why, Sir,

I have myself had a peep into the interior of "Do-the-boys Hall." I know Mr. Squeers well. He is still at the head of a literary institution, and thrives, I hear, even more than his pupils. At the time of my acquaintance with him, he was not married. He had no Mrs. Squeers then to aid him in promoting the ends of good learning, by the ministration of sulphur and of birch.

I was riding with a friend one day, several months ago, when a forlorn looking boy standing at the junction of two roads, inquired which of them led to Boston. I pointed out the way and he turned to depart; but something about him interested me. I said to my friend, do you see that boy? do you observe the multiform, many-colored patches upon his garments, revealing the work of no ordinary hand? He is a desolate orphan, with none to care for him. It is, it must be, Oliver Twist. He has strayed away from Mr. Bumble's dominions, beyond the reach of Mrs. Corney's providence. Now I loved little Oliver with an exceeding affection; and I could not bear that he should wander alone into the unknown tumults or vast solitudes of the great city. Pure, elemental spirit as he was, without flesh enough for corruption to work in, I yet feared that he might fall into the hands of his persecutors, be clutched by old Fagin the Jew, or be entrapped and warped from his integrity by the Artful Dodger. I called the poor boy to me, and inquired into his prospects. He had no prospects, no parents, no friends, no home. He was seeking "*a living*." I told him if he did not find it, to come to me. And he went his way. Four days after, he came to my house, weary, sad, disappointed. He had not obtained *the living*. In the city he found no rest for the sole of his foot; no place to lay his head, but a stable; and out of that a cruel ostler drove him ignominiously with a broom. I took him in, and went to procure a place for him; while gentle hands ministered to his urgent necessities, supplying, for the sake of Boz, food and raiment and means of ablution. And, — but it is a long story; the rest need not be told.

Mr. President, the Mayor of your city has informed us

of the arrival of Mr. Pickwick, in search of his friend and editor. I have reason to believe, Sir, that I have the honor to be related to Mr. Pickwick myself. I am descended from English ancestors; I am, as you may have observed, a somewhat large man, and am said to bear a family resemblance to that gentleman. About two years ago, I was walking in a street in New Bedford, when a little maiden, looking out of a window, and seeing me pass, exclaimed with infinite delight, "O mother, mother, is n't that Mr. Pickwick?"

But it is time to be serious. Our friend, whom we so love and honor "for his works' sake," has carried the torch of genius into those "dark places which are full of the habitations of cruelty," wretchedness and crime. He has himself the largest, most generous feeling of the brotherhood of all men; and he has taught us to feel a deeper sympathy with all men. What revelations has he made of the mysteries of guilt and remorse! The agony of Sikes, fleeing from the ghastly spectre of his murdered victim, and still carrying the curse with him — his bosom sin, his bosom misery—is worth a hundred sermons. There is a reality which the heart acknowledges in all his pictures of humble, guilty, and passionate life. And we feel that here is one, able and willing to do justice to poor fallen humanity. He has shown us a great heart, full of living affections, beating and throbbing under its veins. Our distinguished friend has taught us never to hate or scorn a wandering, guilty man, for he is our brother—all human conditions, all human experiences, are interesting to us. We are bound up, for weal or wo, with the destinies and hopes of humanity. We are taught to discern in every man something that lies deeper than his folly and sin: for under the moral ruins lie buried the rudiments of a great soul—buried—but not dead—alive—redeemable. Melancholy indeed is the wreck of an immortal man; but more venerable still in his fallen grandeur than the ruins of an ancient temple, upon whose defaced and broken columns the traveller gazes with mournful admiration.

This writer has indeed introduced us into new regions of most interesting reality. To use his own words, he has added, by some of his representations, to the stock of human cheerfulness—by others, to the stock of human sympathy.

Mr. Stetson then gave the following toast.

*Our Guest*—We might be disposed to pay him distant homage as "a bright particular star," among the serene lights of the firmament, but that he interests us more as a friend, because he is the friend and brother of all men. Out of the abodes of want, and sorrow, and crime, he has preached forth a living gospel of humanity.

By Mr. CLIFFORD, of New Bedford—

*The venerable Mr. Pickwick*—He has become to us this night, if never before, a *great* reality.

In the course of some by-play, Mr. GRATTAN remarked, that the President's four *Vices* were equal to the four cardinal virtues of any other man.

In reply to Mr. Grattan, EDW. G. LORING, Esq., Vice President, said: Mr. President, every man's "vices" speak for themselves—I would speak for your "four vices;" your guests on either hand (Mr. Dickens and Mr. Grattan) make us regret that, like a most virtuous gentleman, you have "put your vices far from you;" to which GEO. S. HILLARD, Esq. replied, from the other end of the table, that that might well be, as they were opposite to so much that was *good.*

The President read the following letter from Judge Story:

WASHINGTON, *Jan.* 21, 1842.

GENTLEMEN—It would afford me very sincere gratification to be able to attend the public dinner to Charles Dickens, Esq., according to your kind invitation. But my necessary attendance at the Supreme Court interposes an insuperable bar to my enjoyment of such a pleasure. I look upon Mr. Dickens as among the most distinguished authors of our day, for genius, originality, variety of talent, and mastery of all the workings of the human passions. To him

may be applied with singular truth and felicity the line of Lord Byron, descriptive of Crabbe the poet:

"Though Nature's sternest painter, yet the best."

*I have the honor to remain, with great respect,*
*Your obliged friend and servant,*
JOSEPH STORY.

Messrs Geo. Tyler Bigelow, and others, Committee, &c.

The President here observed—"We have heard of the good things of the *Warren;* we should now like to hear the good things of the *Park.*"

JOHN C. PARK, Esq., in reply to this call, said:—

I regret, Mr. President, that it was not my good fortune to have had an opportunity to say the little I am desirous of saying, somewhat earlier in the evening. There is a certain stage in a dinner party in which sentiment is obliged to give place to sparkling wit, and each successive dish is expected to have a stronger seasoning of attic salt. Of such wit, I profess to have none. But there are peculiar associations connected with the event of this evening, which perhaps press upon my mind with more force and vividness, than upon the mind of any other person present. There have been scenes described by our distinguished guest, which rise upon my recollection with startling reality; and if the company in the midst of their hilarity, can spare me a moment, I will give my feelings utterance.

I can easily understand, Mr. President, why it is that the heart of every person is attracted with sympathetic feeling towards the writings of our distinguished guest, as he describes with minute truth the singularities and peculiarities of character out of which society is formed. He has given to the lives of each of us a new zest. I walk abroad into life almost with new faculties and perceptions. I seize upon new and fresh and interesting traits of character in my fellow-men, which I should have never detected or appreciated, if it were not for the perceptions awakened by his magic pencil. These are the causes which have endeared him to all of us.

But it has been my fate, from the peculiar circumstances of my professional engagements, to see more perhaps than others present of that class of life, from which our friend has drawn many a sad moral, and conjured much of his deepest interest. I mean the criminal,—the felon,—the convict! Beauties of graphic description which others can scarcely realize, are to me bold sketches of scenes which I have myself studied;—and I can testify to the life-like portraits, which spring up before my vision, when I peruse those thrilling pages which describe such scenes as the trial and last hours of Fagin the Jew. I have seen the inanity of mind crushed by the weight of surrounding peril, when, like that felon's, it pauses in the midst of the solemn warnings of the judge, to count the iron spike-points that surround his dock, and wonder if they will repair the broken one, or let it be as it is. I can realize, as a thing of life, the morbid curiosity which fills up the horrid moment while the jury have retired, who are to decide on his life,—by wondering if the portrait of himself, which the man in the gallery is sketching, be or be not a correct likeness. It is from contemplating such scenes that I have best learned the depth of the writer's observation, and been taught to look forward with ardent desire to the moment, when I could see the man who had marked these startling scenes, —scenes which had made so deep an impression upon my own mind.

Your first Vice-President, sir, was proud to claim for England and America, some exclusive property in the mind and genius of our highly-gifted guest, based upon the ground, that we speak a common language. I rejoice as he does in this fact, for it has made his works as familiar to my countrymen's hands and hearts as their household goods. But it is in vain for us to hope for success in this self-appropriation. No, sir, the language he speaks is not the language of one nation, or one clime. It is a language which is understood by the poor widow on the banks of the Ganges, who gives to the world and to her God the best proof of her devotion, as she mounts the funeral pyre of her husband. It is felt by the Indian mother on the western

prairie as she covers over her little one, to shield it from destruction. It comes in soft whisperings to the child of want and neglect, as it rests in holy reliance upon the arm of its God. It requires no tongue,—it needs no alphabet,—it is a universal language,—it is the language of the heart!

But, sir, there is one other point, to which I desire to call the attention of the company. I am aware, that though somewhat past the limited age which entitles one to mingle with the young men, I am in the midst of them, and possibly they cannot yet realize my feelings. Still, it is but a few years since we were all children. Those past years are hallowed in the very souls of each of us by the recollections of a mother's love,—a mother's teaching,—as at her knee, we learned to lisp the first out-pourings of a child's fond heart. I feel, then,—I see by your looks that I have your sympathies, and I proceed. The scenes of childhood,—of infant purity,—of youthful suffering,—of early and premature death,—how have they been portrayed before us! What a bond of sympathy have they extended around all of us! To me personally, the tie has been that of the nearest and dearest brotherhood. And let me say to you, sir, (addressing Mr. Dickens,) that there are now within the limits of this one city, where you this day stand the stranger-guest, hundreds of mothers, who, with tears of happiness and consolation, have blessed the man, who has painted to the life their own lost and loved one, in the saint-like death of little Nell. It is in obedience to such a mother's wish that I now stand here; and though I feared that perhaps my feelings would ill accord with the festivities of this evening, still I came, that I might look upon *that man*, and tell her, if he realized in form the soul that breathed within. Sir, I rejoice that I have been here. There has throughout our evening's enjoyments flowed an under-current of deep and glowing sensibility, which has encouraged me to give utterance to the thoughts that burn within me. I feel sure our guest will pardon me. And now let me give a sentiment, perhaps unusual at the festive board,—yet one which I feel confident will meet a ready response in every heart:

*Little children*—They are flowers which bloom on every land;—and though they utter no sound, they speak a universal language,—the language of the heart.

After some observations upon the late mildness of the weather, the President gave—

*The fair days of this winter*—Our distinguished guest, in every clime, carries his own sunshine about him.

Geo. Minns, Esq. being called upon for a sentiment, said: I have been much interested in the touching speech just delivered, especially as I know of instances of parents under similar bereavements deriving consolation from the beautiful sentiments with which the author concludes his account of the death of Nell. They are indeed "beautiful garlands concealing the sculptured horrors of the tomb." But not to dwell too long upon a pathetic topic, especially so near the close of the evening, I wish to refer to that thrill of delight which went through every heart at the first announcement of Mr. Dickens' intended visit to this country. It was as if a brother, who had been long absent in a far distant land, had sent us news that he was about to return home. With such feelings we hastened to meet him upon his arrival. I well recollect the feeling of anxiety (so natural at such a moment) which possessed me just before my introduction to him,—a feeling of blended hope and fear,—of confidence that I could not be disappointed, and of fear, lest, as too often happens, the anticipation might surpass the reality. Shall I find in him, I asked myself, all the qualities of those genial characters which he so finely describes, and whose delineations are treasured in our hearts? When, however, I had the pleasure of seeing him, when I felt the grasp of his hand, cordial as that of my dearest friend, when I enjoyed his frank and hearty conversation, I felt the idleness of all doubt, and that he was all his delightful conceptions combined in one glorious whole.

I have said that his exquisite delineations of character are stamped upon all our hearts. How true it is that the heart is the memory! Whatever is imprinted upon that

never dies. Some philosophers, historians, mathematicians, etc., are said to be immortal; but they are not so, in any true sense of the word. They are not totally forgotten, but they are hardly ever remembered. There is as much difference between that immortality which is connected with the mere intellect, and that which is associated with the affections, as there is between a dry and sour old age and that which is green with all the blooming joys of youth. Mr. Dickens is sure of a true immortality, because he has written his works upon the hearts of all,—the uneducated as well as the intellectual,—the poor as well as the rich,—the obscure as well as the famous,—and there they will remain for ever, embalmed in pleasant recollections.

Mr. President, I sympathize in all that has been said of Old England. I admire England for all that she has done for the great world of mind. I have a still stronger affection for Ireland, (which country has been so ably represented here this evening,) and am as susceptible as a female to Irish blarney. But I love my own country more than all, because she values the man for himself alone, and pays no regard to mere adventitious circumstances. The proudest nobleman in Europe might travel through this country, and he would, if unendowed with talent, receive but very little attention, and that little from those whose good opinion would be worthless. But our guest will meet with a far different reception. I am proud of my country that such is the case, and I believe that no where are his works more universally appreciated than in America. Thousands and tens of thousands all over the land, are at this moment looking forward with eagerness to the time when they may tell him how glad they are to see him in America. But it is not alone among those who may see him—that appears to be almost a hopeless endeavor from the numbers who are crowding around him to express their kindly feelings—but every where, in many a lowly dwelling in the city, —in many a farm-house in the country,—and in many a solitary log-cabin in the forest, miles distant from any other habitation,—is he frequently thought of with the most enthusiastic love. Many sumptuous entertainments and splen-

did balls may be given him; but more than all, and infinitely above all, and what I am sure he will *prize* infinitely above all, the great heart of this whole people beats towards him with the warmest feelings of attachment. It rushes to meet him—not with adulation,—no, that it despises,—but with that right, true, hearty, and manly fervor, which a noble mind like his richly deserves, and which a noble mind like his delights to reciprocate. The whole people will unite as one man, to do honor to that creative and benevolent genius, which brightens winter nights and shortens summer days—which strikes the stoniest heart and melts it to water —which is the fire upon our hearth-stone, making home cheerful;—and in some faint measure to express this feeling which America has to every true man, I will propose as a sentiment:

America welcomes to her shores every man whose eye is single and whose heart is true.

The President here announced that he had received the following letters from gentlemen who had not been able to attend the dinner:—

PORTLAND, *Jan.* 22, 1842.

GENTLEMEN:—My engagements are of such a nature that I dare not promise to be with you, much as I desire it; and my respect for the occasion, for the committee, and for Mr. Dickens, myself, oblige me to decline your very obliging invitation. At such a board there must be no empty chairs.

Please accept my thanks, gentlemen, and my best wishes for your happiness severally, and for that of your guest, the *reformer*, not only upon the particular occasion you have in view, but for the rest of your lives. Were I with you, I should offer a toast to Old England, as the mother of New England—or as the *grandmother* of nations—New England being the mother of nations, at least in the new world, and she the mother of New England. I should thank her for sending forth her herald of reformation in literature, as hitherto in science, and politics and religion; and your guest for picturing the old English humors, in all their heartiness,

faithfulness and simplicity, and better still, in the old English tongue.

*Respectfully, gentlemen, I am, &c.*

JOHN NEAL.

Messrs. Geo. Tyler Bigelow, and others, Committee.

BOSTON, *Jan.* 21, 1842.

GENTLEMEN :—I respectfully offer you my grateful acknowledgments for your flattering invitation to the proposed dinner to Mr. Dickens.

I should be proud and gratified to join you in this honorable duty—honorable alike to yourselves and your distinguished guest—but untoward circumstances of a personal character oblige me, very reluctantly, to relinquish the pleasure of uniting with you.

Let me repeat my sincere acknowledgments to you for your politeness, and believe me to be,

*Gentlemen, your grateful servant,*

CHAS. SPRAGUE.

Messrs. Bigelow, Hale, Barrett, Crocker, and Story, Committee.

GLENMARY, *Jan.* 25, 1842.

DEAR SIR :—Very much to my regret, I am compelled to decline the kind invitation of the Committee of Arrangements to meet Mr. Dickens at dinner. Imperative engagements keep me at home, where, indeed, I hope Mr. Dickens will find me, as I have already written to beg for that pleasure and honor.

I may be permitted, even at this distance, however, to join my fellow townsmen in proffering the warmest welcome to Mr. Dickens, and to express the lively interest I feel in their promised enjoyment of his visit. It would be a great pleasure to *millions* this side the water to look on his face, but nowhere will he be met with greater, and at the same time more appreciative and discriminating enthusiasm, than in Boston. I congratulate both him and my towns-people on his commencing there the endless harvest of his American laurels.

Enviable as Mr. Dickens' reputation is for its extent, it is much more enviable for its *quality*. He has advanced, *pari passu*, in the admiration *and affection* of the world, and his "progress" through our country will be as much waited on by loving hearts as by admiring heads. I have startled myself too, with asking what class or description of persons will be foremost to welcome him. He is the favorite author of the old, but he is as much the favorite of the young. He is adored by the poor and humble, but his praise is without stint from the intelligent and critical. Those who love to weep over a story, and those who prefer to laugh—those who seek amusement only from an author, and those who exact of him an influence for good—young and old, merry and sad, wise and simple, rich and poor—all love him—all know him —all would go far out of their way to see and welcome him. His fame is strangely universal—enviably, most enviably, warm and genial.

I could have wished that Mr. Dickens had first travelled incognito in this country. It will be difficult to express to him, viva voce, how his genius is felt among us. More than any living author, his laurels brighten when his face is turned from them. If prodigality and sincerity in our praises can gratify him, however, he will not lack gratification.

Renewing my regrets that I cannot be present at your kind invitation, and with many thanks to the committee for the honor they have done me, permit me to subjoin a sentiment, and subscribe myself,

*Yours, very truly,*

N. P. Willis.

W. W. Story, Esq.

*Master Humphrey's Clock*—Wound up to run with the stars. It will keep Time (or Time will keep *it*) till the world run down.

New York, *Jan.* 31, 1842.

Gentlemen :—I greatly regret that I cannot be with you to-day, as I had anticipated, to join you in doing honor to

one of the greatest geniuses of this age; but finding myself unexpectedly in a business *mælstrom*, made up of little currents of avocation which have provokingly converged upon me at this moment, I am compelled to forego the high enjoyment I had promised myself.

If distant "*sentiments*," however, are admissible, I will ask you to oblige me by offering the following. I hope it will not be considered as going out of the way; and if it *should* be, I can only interpose the excuse, that if the subject, (who has never, as I learn, during a *long* life, ("I wish I hadn't said *that*") been twenty miles from his beloved city,) would ever come away from *home* to be toasted, there would be no occasion to send so far to honor him on his own ground. I give you, Mr. Chairman—

*The Health of Charles Sprague, our Poet of the Heart*, who amid the cares and turmoil of active life, keeps his holier affections and better thoughts "unspotted from the world."

Wishing you—what you *must* have—a delightful "night of it,"

*I am, your obliged,*

L. Gaylord Clark.

To the Committee of the Dinner to Mr. Charles Dickens.

The President said he had received the following volunteer sentiment—

*Dickens*—A great name—it has not been used for centuries without having the article before it.

It now being near one o'clock, the President announced his intention of leaving the chair, and gave as a parting sentiment—

"*A speedy return to Charles Dickens.*"

He then withdrew with Mr. Dickens, and other guests, leaving Mr. Stevenson in the Chair, and after a few songs and volunteer sentiments, the company broke up, perfectly delighted with their guest and their entertainment.